

T H E
BATH MACARONI.

WITH OTHER
SKETCHES from NATURE:

B Y
WILLIAM MADDEN, Esq.

Dedicated to his Grace the DUKE of LEEDS.

— *Ridiculum acri,
Fortius & melius magnas plerumq; secatur res.*

HOR. SAT. 10.

For Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the Knot, when graver Reasons fail.

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175... 308

To the R E A D E R.

I SHALL not trouble you with a dull, tedious Preface, but must take this opportunity to assure you, upon my word, I had not the most distant idea of pointing at any particular person in the character of the Bath Macaroni; which I hope will prevent any mean, invidious reflections or applications. If the Publick honour this little essay with their approbation and encouragement, (which I can scarcely flatter myself will be the case) I shall soon present them with a second edition upon a larger plan, and endeavour to amuse them as far as such trifles can. I hope the reader will allow the intention to be good and moral.



(5)

D E D I C A T I O N.

T O H I S

G R A C E the D U K E of L E E D S.

MOST worthy Duke ! these numbers hear,

Keen satire's sting you need not fear,

The arrows of satiric wit,

Unfollied honour ne'er can hit.—

Illustrious Peer ! in you we find

An open, sound, discerning mind :

Your worth, your merit, and your fame,

Founded on virtue still the same ;

Your easy manners, without art,

Take their polish from your heart ;

Benéficient,

(6)

Beneficent, serenely great,
Humanely good, and quite compleat.—
A character superior far
To fighting heroes of the war ;
Illustrious too in private life,
Folly or vice your only strife.
My lyric lines I now submit
To your superior sense and wit ;
And shall not further, Sir, intrude,
But with an humble bow conclude.

BATH, Nov. 10th, 1781.

WM. MADDEN.

THE

T H E
B A T H M A C A R O N I ;

W I T H O T H E R

S K E T C H E S from N A T U R E.

C O M I C T H A L I A, pray attend,
Once more assist your grateful Friend,
In tuneful numbers now to sing
The virtues of BATH's healing spring,
Which, rising from its secret source,
Gives rosy health its active course ;
And by its chymic vital heat,
Preserves us from untimely fate.

See! what a motley crew drink there,
Of old, of young, black, brown, and fair.
Mark! yonder Nymph of pallid hue,
Who sighs, her beauty to renew ;
It shall her lovely smiles restore,
Those roses too, that blush no more ;

A 2

Nor



Nor let the wither'd lilly seek
 The empire of her faded cheek :
 Health soon shall give attractive grace,
 With sweet festivity of face,
 Gay looks, so suited to impart
 The joy and sunshine of the heart.

The goddess Venus now is seen,
 In ~~WOODLEY~~'s person, air, and mein :
 Like bold * Prometheus I aspire,
 To catch from her poetic fire;
 With kindred grace, attempt to please,
 And make my lines to flow with ease;
 Her heav'nly smiles, and graceful form,
 Would sure the coldest Hermit warm.—
 On her white neck, the lilly blows,
 Upon her cheek, the blushing rose;
 Superior charms, devoid of pride,—
 Worthy to be a royal bride !

* He first made man of clay, and then stole fire from the sun, and brought it down to animate his figure; for which he suffered a severe and eternal punishment, which the author hopes will not be his unfortunate lot in the present case; for his presumption, at all events, he willingly submits to the lady's mercy, relying more upon her candour than his own merit.

Oh !

Most graceful W—D—Y ! don't refuse
This humble offering of my muse.—

But see, fair B^{at}—D^{wi}—N now comes in,
Your sweetest notes, gay Muse, begin,
And with your native, heavenly fire,
Touch the warbling, tuneful lyre;
Oh! sing by what enchanting art,
Her dulcet manners catch the heart;
And why the audience round her gaze
In fix'd attention, looking praise.
Beauty alone has not such charms,
'Till join'd with goodness, then it warms ;
All our admiration claims,
And the enraptur'd heart inflames.—
Pale envy pines, now disappears,
And her god-like nature fears ;
In vain, alas! I strive to praise,
She far exceeds my lyric lays ;
Much better would heroic verse,
Her virtue, truth, and worth rehearse;

B

Or

Or in Pindaric Odes declare,
 That B—D—N is both good and fair :
 Till all the world the portrait own,—
 The likeness just,—but her alone.—
 And yet I swear, my wishes never
 Did approach you as a lover ;
 By virtue bounded as before,
 I claim your friendship, and no more.
 Happy the man, who in his arms,
 Possesses all your matchless charms :
 Thrice happy me, if you approve
 The definition of my love.—

Mark yon haggard squinting creature,⁺
 Stuff'd with venom and ill-nature ;
 In her soul what hellish working,
 Where vindictive rage is lurking ;
 Disturbing still each morning walk
 With malicious lying talk ;
 In private party, rout, or ball,
 Designing mischief for 'em all.

See

See to her breast base scandal clings,
 And baleful flaps her harpy wings;
 With hundred tongues and hundred eyes,
 True emblem of the beldam's lyes.—
 A blast infectious from her came,
 Poison'd the air, and shook my frame;
 FERRY, † alarm'd for the event,
 Threw up the window, gave it vent.
 The hag then grinn'd a horrid smile,
 And slowly mov'd her carcass vile.—
 Alone she pass'd, and curs'd them all,
 Then sent her cards, and gave a ball.
 How greatly wise the works of God,
 To scourge our sins with such a rod;
 What a strong contrast here is given,
 As distant far as Hell and Heaven !

Harmonious ~~Seriv~~^{Seriv}-~~en~~^{en} don't appear,
 Prevented by some ill I fear;
 Last night I heard the Syren's song,
 Which rais'd my spirits, made me young :

† The Master of the Pump-Room.

Her notes seraphic charm'd my ear,
 Such as HANDEL's self might hear.
 Know! Saint Cecilia, from above,
 Descended like a cooing dove;
 Skimming round us, to her went;
 (From heav'n that instant she was sent)
 With flow'ry chaplets then to grace
 The soul of music, love, and peace.—
 Wit, sense, and beauty, all unite,
 To fill our minds with pure delight;
 Happy his lot who in his arms,
 Enraptur'd holds her heavenly charms;
 Thrice blest the man with such a wife,
 To sweeten all the cares of life.—
 Tho' distant from you, still I hear you,
 In contemplation ever near you;
 For strong impressions on the mind,
 By reflection, still we find.—

. Mark yonder LORD,[†] with curled wig,
 His actions low, his looks how big;
 Coat, waistcoat, breeches, all the same;
 From Monmouth-Street, I think they came.

A

A fawning, pension'd, servile Peer,
 With sneaking look, and hateful sneer.—
 His starving country, see him rob,
 Foremost in every wicked job :—
 Lovely ladies still addressing,
 Their softer charms ne'er possessing :
 Sometimes playing with little Polly ;
 Quite outré, and mark of folly !
 A lady ask'd him for two franks,
 And said she would return him thanks ;
 “ No, dear sweet lady, no such thing,
 “ What ! rob the Exchequer, cheat the King !”
 What a low-liv'd dirty fellow,
 No better than a Justice Shallow ;
 Mend your manners, Sir, I say,
 Or you shall feel another day
 Some hard severe, satiric stroke,
 (What now I write is but a joke ;)
 Melpomene shall take the lyre,
 And blast you with poetic fire :
 The Muse has gently let you down,
 Now sneak away, and do not frown.

Next

Next let the MACARONI come,
 All paste, all powder, and perfume,
 With conscious air, and saunt'ring gait,
 With club of most prodigious weight :
 A cambrick bandage round his throat,
 With demi-pockets to his coat ;
 Where, as he idly stares about,
 His handkerchief hangs dangling out ;
 With his seals or rattan playing,
 Or, what is worse, himself surveying ;
 With antick tricks, and plum'd conceit,
 With purse as empty as his pate ;
 Yet every bauble still pursuing,
 And each flirting female wooing ;
 But not a word to her he spoke
 On any subject, but in joke.—

—Now you shall hear his conversation,

His very words, a true relation :

“ See, my Patagonian buckles,
 “ Adorn'd with pearls, adorn'd with cockles ;
 “ I have worn them just three days,
 “ They are the ton, as EVILL says.—

“ And

“ And my Lilliputian cane,
(Sure none from laughter can refrain)
“ Madam, observe this pretty tassel,
“ These antique seals, and curious fossil;
“ The fossil was given me by my mother,
“ Faith, BASNETT has not such another.
“ And this dear locket, full of hair,
“ Was given me by a lady fair;
“ So blyth, so gay, so debonnair,
“ Queen of my heart, and all the fair.
“ POLLY, sure ’twould be a sin,
“ Not to admire this diamond pin;
“ It cost me near ten pounds, I swear,
“ I mean it for my favourite fair.
“ But mum for that, I dare not tell,
“ Tho’ some there are that know her well;
“ I have her picture in my pocket,
“ Her nut-brown hair within this locket:
“ By Jove I love them, as my life,
“ For in due time she’ll be my wife.
“ Thrice happy sure will be her lot”——
What more he said, is best forgot;

Then

'Then simp'ring look'd, with foolish sneer,
Abruptly cry'd,—“ Adieu, my dear.”

And now the MACARONI's off,
Listen how the Chairmen scoff:—
Tommy the fool, he runs after,
With grinning face, and peals of laughter;
From every shop he's pointed at,
By every foolish girl and brat:
Ridicul'd by every creature,
Jest and shame of blushing nature.
The Muse, fatigu'd and in a fit,
Defin'd him thus instead of wit;
He's neither this, nor that, nor t'other,
But male and female mix'd together.
Back to the Pump-Room soon he came,
Full of anger, full of shame:—
A glass of water then he took,
And thus he pray'd, with simple look:
“ Nor let me Heav'n pray in vain,
“ May some kind vapour seize my brain;

“ Quick

" Quick to my mind it's power dispense,
 " And bring me back to common sense."
 Hygeia, with attentive ear,
 Heard his penitential prayer ;
 Now mark the event—the waters rise,
 With magic influence to his eyes ;—
 Through all his frame its force extends,
 A sudden ray the youth befriends ;—
 The Genius of the place came down,
 Serenely spoke without a frown ;
 " All follies past are now forgiven,
 " Do so no more ; then flew to Heaven."

P. S. As the Author imagines there is some little sprinkling of Attic Salt in his Poem of the BATH MACARONI, he takes it for granted, that the Dunces and Scribblers will take up their Goose-Quills, and declare War against him. Therefore he gives them previous Notice, that he will not reply to any Writer that does not put his Signature to his Critical Performance, and he must also shew that he has some Pretensions to Sense, Wit, and Character, before they will be favoured with his Correspondence.—All anonymous Writers are, and ought to be, unworthy of an Answer.

W. M.

F I N I S.

